

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

TO CHILDREN.

WE call ourselves the CHILD'S FRIEND ; how shall we prove ourselves worthy of the name ?—Jesus was a friend of children ; how did he show his love for them ? He desired his disciples to allow little children to come to him, he took them in his arms and blessed them.

No one can love children with such a heavenly love as Jesus did, no one can bless them with such divine lessons of wisdom as he blessed them with ; but all who are real friends of children may imitate him according to their measure of power and goodness. We can invite them to come to us with a true love for them in our hearts, we can feel a sincere desire to bless them even though our ability may be small.

We say then to children, come to us, you shall find love, you shall find instruction in our pages ; come with that simplicity and innocency of heart with which your Creator sent you into his beautiful world. Have you

learned falsehood, resolve henceforward you will be true and sincere ; are you selfish and unkind ? look into your hearts and see if you do not find in them a fountain of love which God placed there at your birth, and which you have neglected and allowed to be choked up with evil weeds—come to us, and let us talk a little together.

It is Sunday ; what is Sunday or the Sabbath-day for ? It is a day of rest from toil ; it is a day set apart for the worship of God. We worship God in words when we express our love and reverence for Him. We worship him in deeds when we do his will. It is thought by some that all men from the earliest time, have kept the seventh day holy, but it is known that ever since the time of Moses the Jews kept the seventh day as a sabbath to the Lord. By their law it was wicked to do anything that could be avoided on the Sabbath-day, so that they found fault with Jesus for healing the sick on the Sabbath-day, and for allowing his disciples to gather corn to eat although they were hungry. Jesus rebuked them for this superstition, or false religion, and told them that the Son of man was Lord even of the Sabbath-day, that is, that the truths he taught were more important than the day ; that the Sabbath was made for man, that it was right to do good on the Sabbath-day ; and through the whole of the beautiful story of his life, we find no instance of what we should call a superstitious observance of the Sabbath : after his death we hear of his followers and friends assembling on the first day of the week, to break bread together in remembrance of Him. It was on this day that the apostles relate that Jesus rose from the dead, for this reason it is called the Lord's day. Many Christians use this term for it altogether. We are in the

habit of calling it Sunday, it was the day that men who worshipped the things that God has made, instead of Him who made them, had devoted to the worship of the Sun ; but of course this is no reason why christians should take this name for their day of worship. Many christians object to it on that account. The Society called Friends always call it First day. Now how should we keep the Sabbath ? How shall we make it a truly holy, a truly happy day ? Not by turning ourselves into stocks and stones, by devoting it to dulness and sleep : Not by keeping it as the Jews did, by avoiding all sorts of labor ; and yet it should be a day of rest from all unnecessary labor with the hands. Why ? is labor wrong ? No, but while laboring hard with the hands the soul is apt not to be so free to labor, and on this day the soul should be at work, this should be her holiday, on this day she should shake off all chains and think only of Him who created both soul and body. In the week we are obliged to labor for those things that perish in the using ; but the Sabbath we may devote exclusively to that within us which is immortal, which shall never pass away, to the most beautiful, the most perfect part of ourselves. We must on this day new plume our wings, as we see the birds do, when they have been ruffled by a storm or hurt by some enemy. The soul on this day must examine herself and see if she has met with any hurt in the past week, she must try to refresh and invigorate her powers, she must strive to cleanse herself from any stains she may have received. We must "feed our souls with knowledge," on this day, knowledge of God, of all his glorious works, of those wise and good men whom from time to time he has sent into this world, to instruct, rebuke and

comfort their brethren : above all on this day we must learn of Jesus, who was a perfect example to us, in whom there was no fault, who spake as never man spake, who was made perfect through suffering, the beloved Son of God, the Savior of all those who receive his commandments and do them.

Surely this is work enough for Sunday, work enough to employ all our days, and is it not well, is it not a great good to us that we have one day out of every seven devoted exclusively to it ? if we make a right use of it shall we not wish that we had more such days ? shall we not try to save out of every day a little time for the same holy and happy occupation ; and find some Sabbath hour on every day ? Would the Sunday be dull and tiresome if we only had this work at heart ? Should we not find such a true pleasure in it that we should not desire what are commonly called amusements ? We should have no time for them.

Sunday then should be the soul's day, and it will be the happiest day in the week : let love and goodness rule on that day and soon we shall find that Monday and Tuesday, and all the days will be happy ones, and then the Sabbath will truly sanctify, that is, make holy the whole week.

I have said that on this day we must learn of Jesus. He cannot speak to us now as he spoke to his disciples ; we cannot hear the gentle tones of his voice as they did, we cannot look into his living heaven-inspired face, we cannot as those favored children did, feel his arms of love around us, but we can read the simple story of his life, told by those who had the happiness to hear and see him ; we can get it all truly by heart, not the mere words, but its divine meaning.

Suppose we now take one particular virtue, and look through the history of Jesus, and see how we find it exemplified in his life.

Let us begin with his filial piety, and see what we can find in his beautiful story that proves he possessed this virtue; and whether as a child he was an example for us.

There is very little said of the childhood and youth of Jesus. Do you not often long to know what Jesus did and said when he was a boy? There are some beautiful legends (that is, wonderful stories) about Jesus when he was a boy, but all that is related of his boyhood in the Gospels you will find in the second chapter of Luke from the forty-first verse to the end. It seems that instead of returning home with his parents after the feast as they supposed he would, he remained behind in the temple hearing and asking questions of the learned doctors, and when his mother gently reproved him and told him that "she and his father had sought him sorrowing," he asked her why she sought him, and "whether she did not know that he must be about his Father's business," but then as she wished it, "he went down with them and was subject unto them." He excused his apparent fault, by reminding them that he must be about his Father's business, it seems as if he thought they would know that he had a great work before him, and that no idle pleasure could keep him from them; but he went at their bidding, and as it is said he "increased in wisdom as well as stature." You learn by this that Jesus made progress, that he improved, that like all who strive after it he obtained wisdom by effort. You see him in the temple as a learner, "hearing and asking questions," he listened to wise men, we all have those around us who know more

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than we, but if we have no wise men to listen to, each one of us has a temple within him, there he will find reason, and love, and conscience, faithful teachers and prophets of whom he may always ask questions. God's glorious world too is ever around us, and as a good man has said, "under this mighty dome, decked with unfading pictures, supported by invisible pillars, compassing all things; in this universal temple, who would not be a learner, asking questions, and with child-like humility, listen, cherish, and obey the teaching, enlightening, and consoling words of the universal Parent." Jesus it is true, did not at first follow his parents as they expected he would; but he staid only to do his Father's business; the child that only stays away when his parents expect him, in order to do his Father's business, is an imitator of Jesus. "But how," you will ask "can I ever say in the sense Jesus did, I am about my Father's business?" Whenever you are doing a right action, whether you are seeking for useful knowledge, or whether you are doing good to others, you are about your Father's business.

A boy was once sent by his parents to buy a loaf of bread for supper, he did not return at the hour he was expected, it grew dark, some hours past, and he did not come, his father was very anxious and went in search of him. At last he came home, and found his boy just returned. Why have you stayed away so long, Harry? said his father, "you have made us so unhappy." "Father," said the child, "I met a little girl crying bitterly, she had lost her way, she told me the name of the street she lived in, but it was far, far up the city, and when we came to it, it was a long time before we could find her house, but I knew that you would rather that I

should go with her, although you would be anxious, than leave her crying; and oh, how glad the poor mother was to see her little girl!" This boy had been about his Father's business. Whoever is doing right, is doing God's work.

This solitary anecdote related by Luke of the childhood of Jesus is very precious to us. Doubtless it tells the whole story of his boyhood and youth. Jesus seems to have felt that he was divinely commissioned; have we not all a "charge to keep?" Still Jesus was "subject" to his parents: his mother seems to have sympathized with him and understood him intimately. She kept all his sayings in her heart. Do you not long to know more of the sayings of the child Jesus?

The next thing that we hear of Jesus in connection with his mother, is where he is told while he is addressing the Pharisees and others, that "his mother and his brethren stood without, and desired to speak with him," "and he stretched forth his hands toward his disciples, and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren!" This should not lead us to suppose that he did not love his mother, and his brethren, but only how near and dear his disciples were to him; they were like these beloved relations. And then he added, "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." This promise of love embraces even us, if we do the will of his Father and our Father: we may thus enter into this dear and tender relationship to Jesus, the pure, the loving, the perfect Jesus. Let us follow this friend of man, this Son of God, to the cross; in his frightful sufferings there, did he forget his mother? that heroic mother who had the courage to stand by him even there, that she might share his agony,

and catch his last accents of faith in God, that she might receive his last look of love, heeding not her own unspeakable anguish. Once more that look of love was fixed on his mother. In his last moments he remembered her : read those affecting, thrilling words, and think of the cruel pain he endured when he said to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother," and to her, "Behold thy son !" To each he left with his parting breath what was dearest in life to him, to each he gave his last words and thoughts of love. So did Jesus perform his last act of filial piety.

On some other Sunday we will take some other virtue and see how it shone forth in his short but beautiful and divine life.

E. L. F.

WHAT IS THE WORLD MADE OF ?

A LECTURE ON THINGS.

My lecture is about things. Here we are in a world made up of them. We eat them, and drink them, and wear them. They make our bodies, and all that we do is done with them, for we call all that the world is made of, things. But what do we *think* about them ? What kind of thoughts have we of the things that lie about us, and that we see every day ? Let us see. We think of the rocks, that they make houses and walls. We think of the trees that they bear apples and chestnuts—some of them :—of the clouds that they cause the rain, and of the

rain that it will fill the cisterns and wash the clothes. We are apt not to think of things except as they are eaten or drank, or *used* in some other way. But this is not all. This is the least and poorest part of what we may know of them. When we inquire, we find that all, even the meanest and smallest things are most beautifully and curiously made, and that all their movements and actions, the growth of plants and animals, the shape and color of the rocks, even the motion of the winds and waters, are governed by curious, and wonderful laws that we can discover and study out. It is in this way that I would speak to you about the things the world has on it, and is made of !

The first question I shall ask, is, How many really different things are there ? But you will say, What is the use of asking such a question. Can any one count them all ? We shall see presently. Let us observe first that many things resemble each other, but are unlike others, so that we can divide them into classes, and this will be one step towards discovering the number of those that are really different. Thus for instance, the flesh of any one animal in some things resembles the flesh of all others, all kinds of wood resemble each other more than any one resembles a stone. All rocks are like each other in many qualities, all liquids are alike in some qualities, and so is the air we breathe, and other kinds of air you will hear of soon.

You observe that I have mentioned five different classes of things—animals, and living things, plants and trees, rocks and earth, which are the same as powdered rocks, except so much of the surface as is made of decayed leaves and vegetables, water, and other liquids, and airs.

It will help us if we examine these separately, instead of mixing them all, and taking first one and then another, just as they come.

Now are there just five kinds of things in the world ? Are the bodies of all creatures just alike, and do they make one of these five kinds ? Are all plants and trees like each other, and different from animals or rocks, and do they make another ? Are all rocks just alike, and do they make a third, and so on ? You will not say so, for you see that the bodies of creatures are made up of many things which seem at least to be very different—of muscle, bone, blood, hair, horn, shell, &c. So trees are made of bark, wood, sap, and leaves. And some liquids are sour, others are bitter, and others have no taste. Some are blue, others red, and others white.

But then are all things different that seem so ? Is each different wood, every differently colored stone, and every liquid that has a different taste, a really different thing ? If so, we need not ask how many there are, for they will be innumerable.

But this is not true either, for men have found by making experiments on different things, that they were made up of mixtures of others, and that often two things that seemed very different, were yet made up of mixtures of the same materials.

How then shall we ever discover how many really different things there are ? If those that seem very different are yet often made of the same materials, and if others that seem very much alike are often very different, how can we decide which are really different ?

We cannot decide if we leave things as we find them. Our senses, as we have seen, are very apt to be deceived

by appearances. The only way is first to separate them into the different simple things they are made up of. When we have thus found the different *simple elements* of which they are all made up, that is, those things which cannot again be divided into parts that are different from each other, then of course we can count the exact number of such things as are really different from each other.

I shall not here say much of the different modes that are employed for dividing things into their *simple* parts. You will soon learn more of the attraction things have for one another. This is the principal means we use. There are always one or more things that can find out another by some way they have of acting upon it. So if we have a thing and wish to know what it is made up of, we send into it other different things, first one and then another, and if it has in it anything these can act upon, they soon hunt it up, and make it show itself. If it is in a liquid it will be attracted by the new substance and mix with it instead of the one it was mixed with before; and this will be seen, for the liquid will change color, or it will boil, or show in some other way that the thing we seek is there. Perhaps the other things will be attracted away from it, and it will fall to the bottom in the shape of a powder. Sometimes two things or substances, (this word *substance* I shall use instead of things hereafter,) which have no smell, may be made to have a very strong one when rubbed or mixed together. But the action of different substances upon one another, shows itself in a great many ways. It is the most curious and important of all their qualities.

We often have to burn things before we can discover

what they are made of. Some of you will think this strange, for you have been used to thinking that when a thing was burned it was destroyed. But it is not so. There it all is in the ashes, all but what escaped in the shape of smoke and air (or gas, as simple airs are called.) If a substance is burned in a close vessel, it will *all* be left, and often this is enough to separate the substances of which it is composed. When it is not enough, we can find out from its ashes what it was composed of, much easier than before it was burned.

There is another mode of dividing substances, and that is by the action of *electricity*, of which I shall say more by and bye.

Now in these ways, we have discovered fifty-five different simple substances. Of many of them you probably never heard; other things that you would suppose were among them, are not. Air is not, water is not, nor wood, nor any of the common things we see about us, and use every day, except some of the metals, charcoal, sulphur, and one or two other substances, that are not so common. All others are made up of two or more of them. The names of these fifty-five substances are these.

Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen, which are always found in the shape of airs or gases. You will understand the importance of these three substances, when you know that water is a mixture of Oxygen and Hydrogen, and air of oxygen and nitrogen—Carbon or charcoal. The diamond is also pure carbon, so that the purest and most colorless, and the blackest substances in the world, are one and the same.—Sulphur; Phosphorus which shines in the dark. These you have probably all seen or heard of. Then there are Chlorine, Iodine, Bromine,

Fluorine, Boron, Silicon, which is the principal substance in flint stones, and Selenium, so called from the Greek *Selene*, the moon. These that I have mentioned are not metals. Then there are forty-two metals—Gold, Silver, Iron, Copper, Lead, Tin, Mercury, which have been known for many ages. Antimony, Zinc, Bismuth, Arsenic, Cobalt, which was so called by the German miners from their word *Kobold*, an evil spirit because they believed that where that was found they should find none of the metal they were in search of. Platinum, which is the heaviest of metals, Nickel, Manganese, Potassium which is a metal found in Potash, Sodium, the metal found in Soda, Calcium, that found in Lime, Magnesium that found in Magnesia, Aluminium, that found in Alum, Tellurium, so called from *Tellus*, the Earth, Uranium, so called because it was discovered the same year that Herschel discovered the planet Uranus, Columbium which was first discovered in a stone sent from Connecticut, by our Governor Winthrop to Sir Hans Sloane in England, Chromium so called from the Greek word *Chroma*, color, because, mixed with other substances, it forms many beautiful colors. Barium, called so from the Greek word *Barus*, heavy, Strontium, Tungsten, Molybdenum, Titanium, Palladium, Rhodium, Iridium, Osmium, Cerium, Cadmium, Lithium, Zirconium, Glucinium, Yttrium, Thorium, Vanadium, Lanthanum.

The difference between the metals and the substances which are not metals, you will learn by and by.

Now it is not probable that there are exactly these fifty-five simple substances. Probably some of them are themselves compound, though they have never yet been divided, and there may be other simple substances, not

yet discovered. Several of these were discovered but a few years ago, and a few years hence, the list may be very different. All we can say is, that these fifty-five are the only substances that have ever been tried, which could not be divided or *decomposed*, and that these cannot be, by any means, within our reach.

Of all these substances, Oxygen is the most important, and in the course of your study you will hear the most about it. Without it we should have no air nor water. It forms part of our bodies, enters into all our food, and "by far the greater part of the solid crust of the earth is made up of mixtures of simple substances with oxygen." Many common substances whose names you know, are such mixtures. Thus Potash, Soda, Magnesia and Alum, are merely mixtures of the metals Potassium, Sodium, Magnesium, and Aluminium with Oxygen. Lime is a mixture of Calcium with Oxygen, sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol is sulphur and oxygen. Its name means the *producer of acids*, (for it makes most acids.) Now many things are acids, or contain them, that you would not call so, sugar for instance, and many other vegetable substances.

But by and bye, I mean to speak more particularly of each of these substances, and tell you *all* that would interest you about them. Meantime, you must accustom yourselves to thinking of the world and all you see on it, as made up of the few different things I have been naming.

And you need not be surprised at the infinite variety of things you see about you, for you will find that fifty-five numbers may be combined in an infinite number of ways.

By all things perhaps you will think I mean all things that have not life, that I do not of course mean that a living animal, or a man is made of these substances. But I do mean so. Our flesh and bones and skin and hair, are all mixtures of some of these materials. We differ in nothing from dead or inanimate things except in being alive. What life is we cannot tell. We know that we breathe, and move, and think, but it is nothing that we can see or touch, that gives us life. Whatever we learn, we find bounds to our knowledge at last; we can only say God made it so, but that is all we know.

But all the different parts of our bodies are made of some of the substances I have named. They are made of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, and they contain sulphur, phosphorus, soda, and many other substances in small quantities. There is a little sulphur in our hair, and a little iron in our bones.

Vegetables are made chiefly of Hydrogen and Carbon, usually mixed with some Oxygen.

When you eat a piece of bread then, you are eating carbon and hydrogen and oxygen. When you eat a piece of meat you eat a good deal of nitrogen.

Besides the fifty-five substances, there are three other powers or principles which are different, because we cannot perceive them by any of our senses, we can only perceive their effects. They are Heat, Light, and Electricity. No one ever saw the particles they are made of. They cannot be weighed or measured. It would sound strangely to speak of a quart of light, or a pound of electricity. So sometimes it is thought that they are not material substances like the others I have mentioned, but others think that they are substances, but that their

particles are so small, and perhaps so wide apart that they cannot be perceived by our senses. I shall speak of these separately.

This lecture has been of what things are made of—the next will be of *how* they are made. This was a lecture of *things*—that will be a lecture of *forces*. W. P. A.

PRAYER.

Should the question be asked by the child who may read the following, "Is this true?" and it may be answered, "Yes, in the most important part."

It was a warm summer evening, when Sophia, a little girl of six years, was walking with her mother upon the piazza. Her hand was in her mother's. The moon shone so brightly that it was like day, her beautiful light was upon the trees, the flowers and the grass. The little pebbles in the gravel walk glittered like silver, and she spread a beautiful light over the floor of the piazza. Every step little Sophia took was one of delight. She was happy to be out of doors with her mother, in such a beautiful scene. It was some time before she said anything, the soft air, the waving trees, and the moon seemed to be talking to her, for she was a thoughtful little girl, but at length she exclaimed, "How is it mother, that the moon stays up in the sky, and all those pretty stars too—they seem to be hanging up there without anything to hold them." "Tell me Sophia, how it is that you can

see the beautiful moon and stars, and the great sky, while we are walking on the piazza and far off that water that looks like a strip of silver." "Why, I see it all with my eyes, mother." "Yes but how is it that those two little eyes can see so much?" "I don't know mother." "Neither do I know Sophia, how it is that the moon and the stars are kept in the heavens, nor how it is that our eyes can see them; but I do know that there is a being who made all these beautiful things, who has made you and me, and all that there is in the world; and that it is He that makes you think. When you think about the world he has made, he is pleased, for he wishes all his children to know about him, that they may love him." "Am I his child, mother?" "Yes, Sophia." "But I am your child, mother." "You are my child too, and we are both his children, so we must both try to do those things that we know he will like to have us do. He likes to have you kind and obedient to your father and me." "Does he know about me, mother?" "Yes, he knows all about you more than I do, for he knows your thoughts, so when you have good and pleasant thoughts you will be glad to know that he can understand them. And whenever you have thoughts that he would like to know, you can say them to him just as you do to me; and there is another thing, if at any time you wish to be naughty, only think of him, and how good he is, and it will help you very much to be good again." Sophia heard her mother very attentively, and when she went to bed she thought it all over again, and hoped that she should always have in her mind good thoughts. The next day her little brother did something to trouble her, and just as she was going to be angry she remembered

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what her mother had said, and this made her forget her anger, so thus she was saved from doing a passionate thing. At the end of the day, when all her lessons and her frolics were over, she recollected about having prevented herself from being angry, and told her mother how glad she was, that she had done so. As she was going to bed that night, she said, "Mother, I should like to say how happy I am to that good being." Her mother told her that she should like very much to have her do so. That he was her heavenly father, and that she might speak to him as she did to her own father. Sophia then said what she had been thinking of, that she meant to try always to be good, and that she thanked her heavenly father for all the pretty and beautiful things in the world, and for giving her a father and mother and brothers and sisters.

After Sophia had once prayed, she wished always to do so when she went to bed, and every night she said to her Father in heaven, what was in her mind. Sometimes she had to say that she had been naughty, and though it gave her pain to say so, she was very careful not to hide anything, but to confess all she had done.

Her mother could not always go to bed with her ; but there was a very kind girl who took care of Sophia, and she went with her when her mother could not. Sophia loved this girl very much, so that she was willing to make her prayer before her, but one evening after she had finished her prayer she saw some one else in the room. Sophia did not mind it this night, but when she saw the next night the same person, she thought she must have come in on purpose to hear her say her prayer, for she went out as soon as she had done. This excited Sophia's curiosity. She could not think why Jane should come in

to hear her, and she went to sleep thinking about it. The next night Jane was there again. Sophia found that she was thinking more of Jane, than of what she was saying, and in the morning she spoke to her mother about it. It was well that Sophia did so, for if she had not she might have learned to pray to Jane, rather than to her Father in heaven, and then her prayer would have done her no good, and indeed it would not have been a prayer, for a prayer is speaking to God from the heart. Sophia's mother spoke to Jane, so that she did not go again to interrupt her thoughts, but the next night when Sophia prayed, she found it more difficult to express herself, for she still recollected Jane, and was thinking more of her, than of what she was to say to her Father in heaven. Her mother perceived this, and told Sophia not to pray unless she was sure that she was thinking about what she was saying, because it was not the words but the thoughts that made prayer. Her mother perceived that Sophia's mind was wandering, and told her she would rather she should say no more that night, and she would tell her something about Jane.

I should like to hear a story about Jane, said Sophia, because I love Jane very much.

Her mother then said, "this morning Jane came into my room and said she wished to speak to me about something, and then she burst into tears. It was some time before she could speak to me, she cried so much, at length she was able to command herself, and then she told me that for a long time she had been wishing for courage to confess to me something she had done when she first came to live with me. She said, I have been afraid to speak before, because I could not bear that you

should not think as well of me as I believe you do ; but she added, I have got now to care more for what God thinks of me, than for anything else, and I know that he will be pleased that I should humble myself to confess my fault to you. As Jane knew that I placed the most entire confidence in her truth, never doubting for a moment anything she told me, it was very hard for her to say to me that she had told me a falsehood soon after she came to live with me. It was a trifling thing in itself ; but still she had spoken an untruth. It seemed as if she would die with shame when she confessed it to me. But oh, how her heart was eased to know there was no lie there. When she had finished, I told her that though I never suspected her of speaking an untruth, I felt now perfectly certain that she never would in any way deceive me again, and that she might feel sure of my love for her that all I should remember about what she had been telling me, would be the noble effort she had made to confess her fault, and that I felt for her the greatest respect and confidence.

“I am glad you said that to her mother,” replied Sophia—“I love Jane. What do you think made her feel courage to speak to you ?” “She told me that she had gained courage by prayer, and that it was the hearing you confess your faults to your Father in heaven, that made her think more about it, and the more she thought about it, the more she was desirous of doing all she could to repair her fault.”

“Mother, I am very glad that Jane came in to hear me say my prayers if it helped her to think about it, and now if she should come in again, it will seem as if we were praying together, because I shall be thinking of how

good she was to confess her faults to you, and I shall thank God for it, and ask him to keep her from ever doing such a thing again." That will be right Sophia, and now if you wish you may thank God that he has let you help Jane in being good. "To be good ourselves, is the best way for us to help others to be good." "Thank you mother," said Sophia, and she then said all that was in her heart about Jane, how glad she was that she had confessed her fault, and prayed that she might herself always speak the truth. S. C. C.

PIC NIC AT DEDHAM.

———, August 3d, 1843.

Dear Mother,—

You asked me when I left you, to write to you; I well remember what a choaky feeling I had in my throat, when I was standing in our porch, and I felt your arm round my neck, as you said "You will write often to me Hal," and yet I have written only once. Well! I mean to make up now, and write you a real long letter; and one reason is, I have got something to write about. Uncle told us the day before yesterday that he was going to take us the next day, to the Pic-nic at Dedham, for they were going to celebrate the first of August, and he must be there. I did not think much what it was all for, but I knew it was a holiday, and that was enough for me.

You may be sure I was up betimes: we started soon after seven; uncle let me drive; George you know is a little chap, and he sat on the back seat with aunt. We got to Dedham a little after nine, and went directly to the

Town Hall ; there we found a great many people round the door, and a long stream of folks just arrived from Boston in the cars, and there was Dr. Bowditch and a number of other gentlemen with stars on their coats, arranging them so as to form a procession. They had ever so many beautiful banners. Uncle joined them, and left me in the wagon with aunt. After the procession was formed, they turned and passed directly by us, so that I saw every thing ; and what was the best of the whole the band of music was formed entirely of boys, and they played first rate. They walked so slowly that I could see what was on their banners, and read the inscriptions ; I cannot remember all, but I do some of them.

One had on it a fine figure of a black man, with his arms thrown up, exultingly, and his broken chains falling to the ground, and his foot upon a whip, the words over him were, " This is the Lord's doing," and underneath, " Slavery abolished in the West Indies, August 1st, 1834, Laus Deo." The figure was finely done, and the poor negro's face was full of joy ; I thought it almost handsome, and mother I do wonder that I never heard either you or father speak of the 1st of August. The next one I remember was a banner borne by a boy about my age, on it were these words, " Shall a republic which could not bear the bonds of a King, cradle a bondage which a King has abolished ? " Aunt told me that the boy who bore this banner, was the son of the man who wrote the words, and that his father had gone to that land where there was no slavery, and I felt mother, that if I had been so unhappy as to lose my father, I should love to carry a banner with his words on it, for I should feel as if I was doing something to carry on his work.

Another banner had a liberty cap on it, with these words, "God never made a tyrant or a slave." Another, Our fanaticism; "All men are created free and equal." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When you and father speak of the fanaticism of the abolitionists, you can't mean this I'm sure. Another banner had these words on it, "The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with the slave-holder," and Thos. Jefferson's name under them; and yet Jefferson held slaves, and so did Washington, but Washington freed his in his will.

One more I particularly noticed, for our friend Dr. Channing's name was on it. These were the words, "The Union: we will yield every thing to it but truth, honor, and liberty: These we will never yield." I forgot to mention that one banner had on it the initials of Garrison's name surrounded with an oaken wreath; and underneath it this inscription, "I am in earnest! I will not equivocate! I will not excuse! I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" Uncle helped me remember this. Well! the whole procession, men, women, and children, all marched to the boys' music, which was real good, to a fine large pine grove about half a mile off. We went round by another road so as to get there first and see them enter: they passed under a beautiful arch of oak leaves and evergreens, and slowly ascended the side of a hill covered with seats, under the tall pine trees which made a fine amphitheatre; at the foot was a raised platform for the speakers, round which they placed the banners, and pictures, which I forgot to tell you about. After all had taken their places, Dr. Bowditch called for three cheers for the glorious occasion that had called them together, and oh! mother, they made

the old grove ring well with their hurras, and how the hats and handkerchiefs did fly round; my great straw hat did good service, and you know I can make a pretty good noise when I try for it. Then they sang a beautiful hymn written by Mr. Pierpont, and then Mr. Allen prayed, he did not, as you say, make a prayer, he prayed: it was heart work, his prayer I'm sure. While he was praying I looked far, far up into the clear blue sky through the openings in the trees, and I never felt so much as if God heard our prayers; and oh, how I did wish that the time might come when we might be thanking God that our slaves were all free. Then some appropriate passages from the bible were read. After this they sang another hymn written by Mr. James Lowell, and mother it was very beautiful, I have got it for you, and you must read it. After this Mr. Pierpont spoke, he was very entertaining, he put it to vote which was most like to make men work, cash or lash—cash had the vote: he told us that freedom was working as well for the masters, as for the slaves. Mr. Stetson spoke beautifully, but mother, some how or other he always makes me laugh. I can't tell you much about the speeches, at last the same boy that carried the banner, recited a poem called *The Christian Slave*. Mr. Pierpont told the audience that when they put up a slave on the auction table, the auctioneer would sometimes mention that she or he was a christian, in order to get a higher price, and this was the subject of the poem—it made my blood run cold to think of selling christians. The boy spoke well enough, and I think that if the men don't all do something about slavery soon, we boys had better see what we can do, for it is too wicked.

After this came the collation, we had to walk in a pro-

cession and place ourselves four or five deep at the table, and then get what we could ; I hoped to get some of aunt's cake that we carried with us, but I did not, though I got enough of somebody's else ; for they put the children forward, and I remembered mother, to help my neighbors, arn't you glad of that ?

After dinner, there was a great deal more speaking and some real good singing ; but what pleased me most was an address from a man who had been a slave. He was as white as I am, and a fine looking fellow: he spoke very well: he said that they had all come together to rejoice that eight hundred thousand human beings who had been slaves were made free-men, but if they knew what he knew, and had felt as he had what slavery was, they would gladly all meet to rejoice that one single man was free ; then he spoke of what slavery was, and oh, dear mother, I never felt so about slavery before ; every boy ought to know what American slavery is. When the whole was over, and it was time to go, they all joined together before they parted, in singing old hundred.— Now dear mother just imagine a grand large grove of tall pine trees, with their branches crossing each other, so as to look like the arches of a grand cathedral, with the blue sky for a ceiling, and at least fifteen hundred people joining most of them with their voices, and all looking as if they did with their hearts in singing "From all who dwell below the sky," and to that glorious old tune: it seemed to me as if the spirit of old Martin Luther was there. I never had such a feeling of awe in my life. I wanted you and father to be there ; I never felt so religious ; England may be forgiven a thousand sins for this one act. Why do not all christians rejoice on this day ?

When we were all seated in the wagon again, and on our way home, I told uncle that I had had a beautiful time. He said "that it was the most glorious day in the year to him;" "greater," I said, "than the 4th of July." "Yes," he said, "because it celebrated a bloodless victory, it was won by persevering love and justice, against selfishness and tyranny. It is such a victory as this Hal, that we abolitionists strive for, pray for, and are willing to suffer for." Then uncle told aunt an anecdote he had just heard, that I think mother, you will like to hear. He said that "five years ago on this same day, the 1st of August, a blind old man, a minister of religion, wished very much that there should be some public celebration of the event that was then taking place in the West Indies, that we republicans should join these eight hundred thousand souls in thanks to God, that they were free, that they were acknowledged to be men. The good man could not inspire those around him with his feeling about it; but all the more did he keep the hour holy, in his own heart, so he and his daughter sat up that night till the clock struck twelve, and then he asked her to play a solemn tune on the piano, and the blind old man and his child sang by themselves at midnight a song of thankfulness and praise to God, that at that moment the chains of slavery were unloosed from eight hundred thousand of their fellow beings, and that they were restored to the rights and dignity of men. "Surely," said uncle, "those two weak voices in the stillness of that solemn night, were heard with more favor by the Almighty, than the roaring of our cannons, and the peals of our bells on the 4th of July—and mother, I could not help thinking so too. Is not this a good long

letter? I hope you will not think it is too long, but I could not help telling you all about the first of August. I shall never forget it. Give my love to father.

Your affectionate Son,

HAL.

A TRUE STORY.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks went out to take a little exercise, and enjoy the fresh air. She hoped that she might hear a bird sing, or see some little wild flower, which would speak to her of future hope, for her heart was heavy with anxiety and sorrow.

After walking some distance, she came to a ropewalk. She was familiar with the place, and being fond of the smell of tar, she entered. At one end of the building, she saw a little boy turning a very large wheel: she thought it was too laborious work for such a child, and as she came near him she spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked him.

"Nobody, I came of myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labor?"

"Yes, I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with your money?"

"I give it all to my mother."

"Do you like this work?"

"Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it, that I might get money for my mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine till twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Are you never tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money. "Is this for my mother?" said he, looking pleased.

"No it is for yourself," she replied.

"Thank you ma'am," the boy said, and the lady bade him farewell. She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical christian philosophy, by the words and example of a little child, and she said to herself, the next time that duty seems too hard for me, I will, like this little boy, not complain, but "take the other hand."

E. L. F.

The true aim of a christian is, to be as much like God, that is, as perfect, as his faculties and means allow him to be; and to appear to men neither more nor less perfect than he is, or appears to himself.—*C. Follen.*

THE HERITAGE.

1

The rich man's son inherits lands
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old :
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

2

The rich man's son inherits wants,
A stomach craving dainty fare ;
With nought to do, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair :
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

3

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn :
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

4

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles, and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,—
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art :
A heritage, it seems to me,
A King might wish to hold in fee.

*

5

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toilwon merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A King might wish to hold in fee.

6

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A King might wish to hold in fee.

7

O, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both children of the same dear God;
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past:
 A heritage it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. L.

METHUSELAH AND ARAK.

A LEGEND OF OLD TIMES.

One day as Methuselah the son of Enoch was riding across the desert of ———, on his camel, he saw a stranger in distress, and he found on approaching, it was Arak, the son of Hassan, who had been plundered by robbers, stripped of his clothes, and left for one dead. Methuselah gave him water from his goat skin, and placing him on his camel carried the wounded stranger to his tent. Here with kind hands was Arak tended until his wounds were healed. But one day the stranger vexed at the loud talk and foolish prattle of the sons of the Patriarch, chid in words of anger, not becoming a sage.

The heart of Methuselah was hot within him. Words of fire burst from his lips. He reproached Arak, son of Hassan, with curses, beat him with his staff, and sent him bleeding to the wilderness. But as night fall came and dewy eve spread sleep over the eyes of man, Methuselah laid down in his tent but could not sleep. As good

men are wont, he reviewed the actions of the day again and again. Then a spirit passed before his face, the hair of his flesh stood up, and he heard a voice more than mortal, "Where, Methuselah, is the son of Hassan, Arak the wounded stranger?" And Methuselah replied, "for his wickedness and ingratitude I drove him forth into the wilderness with strokes of my staff." And the angel of conscience returned, "Thou worm of the dust, has not the All-Perfect borne with thee for nine hundred years, suffering thy backslidings, thy ingratitude and thy rebellion, and canst not thou bear with a single offence of thy neighbor? shall a man be more rigorous than God?" Then Methuselah arose and saddled his swiftest dromedary, and rode into the desert, and found Arak sitting weeping under a Terebinth tree. They fell upon one another's neck and wept aloud, both conscious of their offence. Arak returned to the tent of Methuselah, and they lived together in lenient friendship, for the hearts of both grew better as they sojourned.

At last God took Methuselah when he had numbered nine hundred, three score and nine years. Arak mourned the dead on his last cold pillow and said—"Alas! God hath taken him too early, but good men die immature."

T. P.

THE TRULY GREAT MAN.

I know a great man who is kind and gentle as a child, and yet full of courage, who never speaks a cross word,

who is always happy, and thinking of what he can do to make others so ; who feels that the world is full of beauty, who knows about every little flower and of the story it has to tell of how beautifully God has fitted it to grow in the place where it may be found ; who can tell you about the birds, how every one is so made that he may always get the food he likes best, and always live where it is pleasantest to him. When he walks out, he feels that he is in a beautiful garden which God himself has planted and he remembers all the time that he is the child of God, so he loves to listen to the wind and to hear the insects, and to watch the clouds, and he feels happy to know that they and he himself are from the hand of God. But this great man was once a little boy ; he had his study hours and his play hours, he had his thoughtless hours and his thoughtful ones, and I heard that once in his thoughtless hours while he was walking, he took up a stone to throw at a toad he saw in his path ; but just as he raised his arm to do so, there seemed to be something which prevented him from doing it ; he had no companion by him, so nothing touched him, and no one spoke to him, yet he felt that he must not throw the stone. He became thoughtful, went straight home to his mother and told her of it. "What was it mother," said he, "that made me drop that stone?" "It was," said his mother, "what is called conscience, but I call it the voice of God, and my dear boy be sure that you always listen to this voice and it will keep you from doing wrong." The boy did so, he obeyed his mother in this, and the voice of God in all things, and so he grew up to be a great and good man, feeling always happy in the thought that God had called him at that time to come to Him as his best friend. s. c. c.

JESUS AND THE DOVE.

A CATHOLIC LEGEND.

TO ———

With patient hand Jesus in clay once wrought,
And made a snowy dove that upward flew,
Dear child, from all things draw some holy thought,
That like his dove they may fly upward too.

Mary, the mother good and mild,
Went forth one summer's day,
That Jesus and his comrade's all
In meadows green might play.

To find the brightest, freshest flowers
They search the meadows round,
They twined them all into a wreath
And little Jesus crown'd.

Tired of play, they came at last
And sat at Mary's feet,
While Jesus ask'd his mother dear
A story to repeat.

"And we," said one "from out this clay,
Will make some little birds,
So shall we all sit quietly
And heed the mother's words."

Then Mary, in her gentle voice,
Told of a little child,
Who lost her way one dark, dark night
Upon a dreary wild.

And how an angel came to her,
And made all bright around,
And took the trembling little one
From off the damp hard ground.

And how he bore her in his arms
Up to the blue so far,
And how he laid her fast asleep,
Down in a silver star.

The children sit at Mary's feet,
But not a word they say,
So busily their fingers work
To mould the birds of clay.

But now the clay that Jesus held
And turned unto the light,
And moulded with a patient touch,
Changed to a perfect white.

And slowly grew within his hands
A fair and gentle dove,
Whose eyes unclosed, whose wings unfold,
Beneath his look of love.

The children drop their birds of clay
And by his side they stand,
To look upon the wond'rous dove,
He holds within his hand.

And when he bends and softly breathes,
Wide are the wings outspread,
And when he bends and breathes again,
It hovers round his head.

Slowly it rises in the air
Before their eager eyes,
And with a white and steady wing,
Higher and higher flies.

The children all stretch forth their arms
 As if to draw it down,
 "Dear Jesus made the little dove
 From out the clay so brown.

Canst thou not live with us below
 Thou little dove of clay,
 And let us hold thee in our hands,
 And feed thee every day.

The little dove it hears us not,
 But higher still doth fly ;
 It could not live with us below
 Its home is in the sky."

Mary who silently saw all,
 That mother true and mild,
 Folded her hands upon her breast,
 And kneeled before her child.

M. W.

Maria (White)
Lowell

ARABIC PROVERBS.

If you cannot master the whole, yet do not forsake the whole.

When the counsellor grows rusty, the counsel will be polished.

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.

Honor yourself and you will be honored ; despise yourself and you will be despised.

An hour's patience will procure a long period of rest.